



## Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact [support@jstor.org](mailto:support@jstor.org).

one leading the utilities, the other leading the graces of society, — both rest upon the sure principles of exact science, and both combine to prepare the great future of humanity. The Lord of the Ages who sent forth Newton to record the harmonies of the heavens in the mathematics of the “*Principia*,” sent forth Haydn to sing those harmonies in the music of the “*Creation*.” The same year that called the mathematician, La Place, to the world beyond the measure of his geometry, summoned Beethoven to the glories which eye hath not seen, nor ear heard. He who is Infinite Loveliness and Almighty Power has in store for humanity a new day of reconciliation between the spirit of beauty and of strength. When the morning stars sang together, their song was the music of those sublime forces in measured march, and the calculus and the psalter are but partial versions of that song. The calculus and the psalter, in all their endless applications, are to lead mankind to a deeper study of the divine order, and to subdue earth’s discord to heaven’s blessed harmony.

---

ART. VII. — *Art-Hints. Architecture, Sculpture, and Painting.* By JAMES JACKSON JARVES, Author of “*History of the Sandwich Islands*,” “*Parisian Sights and French Principles*,” Member of the American Oriental Society, etc., etc. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1855.

PAINTING and Sculpture, Eloquence and Poetry, Music and the higher forms of Architecture, in all ages, may be reckoned among the most wonderful and uplifting of all the manifestations permitted on earth to the sons of men. Appealing to the senses, and not to the reason, they are felt where they are not understood. Being all children of one parentage, their relationship to a common Father is acknowledged by the great multitude. Even the rudest of our race delight in “barbaric pearl and gold,” in the “barbarian gong” and the clattering war-drum; and all mankind are, by nature, judges of painting and sculpture, of eloquence and music,

such as they are, without understanding, or desiring to understand, the grounds of their judgment. It is enough for them that they feel,—as in lifting the eye to the midnight firmament, or listening to the far-off, weltering anthem of the sea, or wondering at the beauty of woman, or the strength of man, they do not care to understand. But the mathematician, the statesman, the lawgiver, the logician, the mechanic,—what have they to do with feeling? And what have the multitude to do with them? Great reasoners are to be understood only by the few; and, if not understood, are overlooked or forgotten. They are to be judged only by their peers; and the people, knowing this, hold themselves aloof. Hence the worth of all manifestations, for whatsoever purpose, which appeal not so much to the understanding as to the senses of the many, over those that “play round the head, but never touch the heart.”

If the people are ever carried away,—if they are ever “in the spirit,” whether in the contemplation of God’s handiwork above them, or about, or within them, or in the changes they behold among the constellations and the seas, or the mountains and kingdoms of earth,—if their hearts ever overflow with a deep and solemn thankfulness, while they muse upon the past and the future, upon their lineage and their heritage,—then are they qualified, even the lowliest among them, if not by training or experience, at least by nature, which is far better, to enjoy and to feel the power of painting and sculpture, though eloquence, poetry, architecture, and music might be well-nigh lost upon them, for lack of preparation; since these have more to do with the understanding, and sooner throw off the simple-hearted, straightforward, unpretending earnestness of which all mankind are judges.

That our people are beginning to open their eyes, and look about them and judge for themselves, without the help of the newspapers, and to feel something of that generous warmth and hopefulness which betoken a new life,—the unquenchable aspirations and larger purposes of a troubled spirit, just learning to understand itself, to look inwardly, and to question its hidden impulses aright,—is undeniable. The proof may be found in this very book, and in others which have

lately come under our cognizance. Prepared by Americans, and meant for the people of America, they may well be regarded as the testimony of sagacious and thoughtful men to this very point. Fifteen years ago, such books would not have paid for the printing. Now they are eagerly sought for, both abroad and at home, and must sooner or later become popular. And what is even yet more encouraging, our very newspapers are busying themselves, and warming up their millions of readers, by republishing portions of Ruskin, and Wallace, and opening their columns to well-written communications from our countrymen abroad, Akers and Page, and Tiltan (through Mr. Jarves), upon much that concerns the higher revelations of art.

But if the people are not altogether so much in earnest, or so enlightened, as we might wish,—are they to be given up? If they do not move aright, when they are first breathed upon, are we to go by on the other side, abandon all hope, and suffer them to settle down for ever to the business of money-getting, or castle-building? If their hearts do not always burn within them, they do sometimes, as they talk together by the way, along the dusty and crowded thoroughfares of the world, which they do not so much live in as inhabit. And, after all, is it not something for them to know that they have hearts, even though they may not always know what they are good for? and that the uneasiness they sometimes feel in the neighborhood of their jewels and brooches, when they are in the presence of a great picture,—discoursing to them in a universal, though silent language, day after day,—is not only safe, but wholesome, and worth encouraging, as the sign of inward and growing life, portentous and solemn as death if unheeded, but full of consolation if devoutly cherished?

That thousands and tens of thousands about us are dead asleep, with no wish for a change, may be admitted. But their case is not altogether hopeless; for they are still breathing, and may yet be awakened to that newness of life which leads to a just and happy estimate of the things that perish. As all these are God's doings, and therefore God's blessings, it may be no safer, and no wiser, to undervalue

them than to overvalue them. If we are to live in the midst of singing birds and flowers, waterfalls and tinted shells, glorious, ever-changing skies, and "winged jewelry," are we not bound by our allegiance to look after them, and to enjoy them, so far as we may, with all thankfulness, just as we are bound to reverence God's greatest work, perhaps — ourselves?

That God reverences man, who will deny? That he loves man, we know; that while he has created him but "a little lower than the angels," he has made him "to judge the angels," we are distinctly told. That he deals with men, everywhere and at all times, not only as individualities, but, under some aspects, as independent sovereignties, — and with mankind at large, as a congress of nations, — withholding his power, and forbearing to trench upon their acknowledged prerogatives, will not be readily questioned. And if man would but take the trouble to understand what he was made for, he would reverence himself, and learn to worship God aright, with all his powers and all his affections, and not, as now, with a dwarfed and shrivelled portion of both. And to this, if we may judge by the signs about us, of which this book is one, the people are coming. Should the deep religious warmth to be found in all the writings of Ruskin, where he deals with Art as if he had been studying her mysteries among the shadows of another world and in a holier atmosphere, become contagious, or even fashionable, as it promises to be, great things may certainly be accomplished. The movement begun over sea will be propagated here with ever-growing earnestness and comprehensiveness. What he is doing for England, the author of these Art-Hints, following out the suggestions perhaps of Tilden and Page, is now doing for this country. We need thoughtfulness, — a habit of looking for the hidden power and mysterious significance of a fine picture which may outlast empires.

"Art, born in freedom," says our author, "was true to its mission so long as man worshipped in sincerity and truth. Made, however, the handmaid of Sense, it revenged its degradation, by enslaving its enslavers, and by becoming the instrument of tyranny to steel the spirit into the doctrine of passive obedience. The social and political institutions

were neglected, for the excitements of sensuality and amusement. Education, freedom of mind, and individual enterprise — the substantial bases of a nation's prosperity — were lost sight of, or cunningly diverted by tyrants into corrupt channels, so that with all those races history shows the same final result. First, a development of energy and virtue; second, refinement and power; then speedy enervation, and consequent decay, until ignorance, superstition, and poverty have come at last to be the established order of things over the fairest portions of the globe." — p. 8.

In other words, the history of Art is the history of nations. "The thing that hath been, it is that which shall be." First, a rude heroic energy; then wealth, luxury, and refinement, where the difficult is substituted for the beautiful and just; and then corruption. What Persia was to Sparta, — the gold of the Great King to the iron coinage of that iron commonwealth, — what the silken robe and perfumed locks were to Alcibiades, after he had grown weary of the black broth, — commerce and conquest, merchant princes and overflowing wealth, are to the sturdier and homelier household virtues of sincerity and manliness, which characterize all great nations in the day of their strength; and so will they continue to be, till man has learned to reverence himself, — or at least the image of God, or what there is left of it, within himself, — by rightly employing all the talents intrusted to his high stewardship, and preparing betimes for rendering up an account of that stewardship. The history of art is indeed but the history of man himself, — "the desolator desolate; the victor overthrown."

But is there no hope? Must what has been, still be for ever? Or may not a timely and serious warning prepare even the people of our day for a worthier understanding of what they owe to themselves and to their children's children? Must corruption always tread so fast upon the heels of refining development? Or may it not be possible so to school ourselves, and our children, as rightly to enjoy all our gifts and blessings? Our author is quite persuaded that a new era is opening upon man, through the world of art; and that, if there be a looking "toward the hills whence our strength cometh," we shall not look in vain. But we must allow him to speak for himself.

“There is a uniformity of character in the Architecture of the earliest civilized races with which we have acquaintance, as, for instance, the Egyptian and Ninevite, which warrants their being classed together. Their painting is comprised in their architecture. It is simple and truth-telling, relating events as children tell tales, in the fewest and plainest words; without variety or truth of outline; one story being the type of all. Colors are all positive, and strongly laid on. In architecture, we have the same simplicity of forms, combined with majesty and oddity of design. It can hardly be called grotesque, yet it is magnificently ideal, suggestive of power and durability throughout. No one who examines it can fail to perceive that it is the working out of the ideas of the few by the hands of the many. The people were mere machines, whose sole tasks were to repeat these ideas according to a given pattern and rule, into which their own mind no more entered than into the fashioning of bricks. Consequently, Art in these countries was the mechanical carrying out by slaves of the imaginations of their lords. There was no real life or natural variety in it. It embodied those essential elements of sublimity and power, which are the attributes of all lofty understandings born in absolute rule. In those characteristics it has never been surpassed; but it perished with the despotism that gave it birth.”—pp. 30, 31.

Although this is profoundly thought, and true in the main, we should be inclined to take issue with our author upon at least one point. Just what the Pyramids were, and just what Mount Athos would have been, had Alexander the Great undertaken to carry out the stupendous thought of Dinocrates, instead of respectfully suggesting that the whole country round about could not furnish food for the supply of the city which this bold projector proposed to place in the right hand of the statue,—just such are all the great predominating archetypes of earth, where the people are but the slaves of an autocrat, who, as a monarch and a priest, occupies a throne “high and lifted up,” “his train filling the temple,” and wear themselves out in hopeless drudgery, laboring to represent and perpetuate for after ages—whether in Egypt or Mexico, in Hindostan or Assyria, Greece or Rome, Yucatan or Russia, it matters not—the portentous dreaming of their inexorable master, a heartless monolith at best.

And we are laboring under a strange hallucination, if we

have succeeded in persuading ourselves that the world has outgrown, or ever will outgrow, such slavery, or that the people are much wiser now in this particular than they were in the days of the Ptolemies and the Pharaohs. The laborer is nowhere the thinker, except just so far as he ceases to be a laborer. The moment the brain begins to work, the fingers grow impatient, and weary of well-doing. The penmanship of a ready writer is a thought-gauge. The more vehemently he thinks, the more impatient you find him under all mechanical interruptions or hinderances; a bad pen, or greasy paper, not allowing his thoughts to flow freely, if indeed he be composing and not copying, will betray itself in a change of style. From the potter, the bricklayer, and the house-builder, up to the finisher of marble statuary or of the golden cups of Cellini, the originating spirit — except among painters and moulders in clay — does not often labor, any more than the laborer thinks. The time has gone by, perhaps not for ever, when “to the nightmare moanings of Ambition’s breast,” “gods and godlike men” were quarried from the living rock, as by a thunderbolt, and for that very reason left, as Michel Angelo left his greatest works, unfinished. And if we claim to be far in advance of the mighty Pagans who set up long avenues of Sphinxes, higher than our highest houses, and all alike, without variation or shadow of change; or hewed mountains of granite into temples, a hundred feet high, and stretching a mile and a half along an amphitheatre, chiselled and sculptured from base to summit, as at Elora, in the heart of Hindostan; or cut a highway from sea to sea, for the passage of two ships abreast, as did Xerxes, in the mere wantonness of untrammelled power, — thus, in the language of our author, “working out the ideas of the few by the hands of the many,” — we have only to look at our railways, traversing empires, — at our canals, bridges, tunnels, and monuments, — and ask ourselves how much the multitude who did the work had to do with the original thought.

And here the reader may be reminded of a curious illustration of this unchanging, if not almost unchangeable, law of production, which will prepare the way for what follows about Greece. While delivering his famous lectures at Ed-



inburgh — the modern Athens — in 1853, Mr. Ruskin felt obliged to call the attention of his hearers to a new building of the Greek type, where the stone-sculptors of Edinburgh had been required to multiply from the original pattern furnished by the architect, not a long procession of gigantic phantoms in marble, sixty feet high, — not a Menai Bridge, nor a monument to Nelson, — but a monstrous, though exceedingly pitiful misrepresentation of a lion's head, *sixty-six times repeated*, without the slightest variation, just under the gutter of what was intended to be a "New School of Design," — following a glorious archetype of the elder Athens.

If the landscape gardening of his day troubled Alexander Pope, what would he say of the perpetual repetitions of our day in architecture and architectural embellishment? for here, too,

"Grove nods at grove, each alley has a brother,  
And half the platform just reflects the other."

Ruskin found no less than six hundred and seventy-eight windows, in one single street of Edinburgh, and, by computation, one hundred and fifty thousand, of precisely the same style, — a massive lintel, resting on square cut jambs, — within the best-built part of that city of palaces.

"But," continues our author, "in Greece we find the opposite of all this." A great mistake, by the way, if by all this he means what the words following the passage above quoted import; for in the most beautiful types of Grecian architecture there was little or no variety, — no play of the imagination, — and no embellishment worth naming, unless we reckon the triglyphs, and capitals in their pomp of sculpture, with the warriors and horses, the Amazons and the Centaurs, altogether, not as manifestations of sculpture, but as mere architectural embellishment; for over all the calm, severe, and awful beauty of their most wonderful creations, there lay the shadow of an everlasting, unchangeable sameness.

To the North and the East — to the barbarians of the Desert, to the Goths, and the Saracens and the Persians — are we to go for richness, variety, and appropriateness of decoration, where the birds play among the flowers, and the grotesque and the beautiful, the sublime and the whimsical,

are sometimes found interwoven, warp and woof, as into a lower firmament.

But in Greece we certainly do "find the opposite of all this. It was the embodiment of physical beauty," says Mr. Jarves, "in its most perfect forms and happy moods. The people gave vent to their imagination, and worked out the results with their own hands." Not so, if by the people Mr. Jarves means any very large number of the people; or any, indeed, beyond the sculptors and builders actually employed to work out the conceptions of the autocrat with whom the Parthenon, or the temple at Pæstum, like the Phidian Jupiter, the "Olympian Jove," originated. And again: "As far as their religion led them, they went. In all that they attempted, they were sincere. They watched for those moments when the action which they wished to represent was the most complete and in harmony with the entire nature." Here, if Mr. Jarves will permit us to understand that by *they* he means, not the *people* of Greece, who were very much like other people, though somewhat more enlightened and more highly privileged than their neighbors, but the *few* who busied themselves with working out, inch by inch, the great architectural problems of the fewer, we are not disposed to quarrel with his proposition; though the Greeks were perhaps no more characterized by religious sincerity than were the Goths or the Saracens, the Hindoos or the Persians.

But leaving this portion of the book, let us come to that where he deals more directly with the great business and want of our day in the world of Art.

"The rules of Art are absolute," he says. "They are moral laws implanted by God in the heart of nature, and are independent of human frailty or invention. Absolute they must be, because they are fixed in harmony; in fact, they are the harmony of creation. It is for man to discover and apply them. He may depart from, but he cannot change them. He may outlaw their truths, cramp or distort their genius, and pervert their objects, but their Divine power is beyond fraud or violence. They are superior to circumstance and human mutations, for they are Truth itself. Art is indeed often perverted, because man, from the excessive cultivation of his sensual nature, seeks the low and feeble. But whenever its professors try to accommodate

it to fashion, to follow and not lead the spirit of the age, to sacrifice its truths to the desires of a flesh-loving world, the selfish purposes of priestcraft or vainglory of rulers, and thus immerse Beauty in the slough of vulgar deceit, then it must be known for what it really is — **ARTIFICE.**” — pp. 66, 67.

The following, though somewhat in their way of thinking, is higher ground than was ever taken by Goethe and Schiller, and, being both honestly and eloquently said, must be hearkened to.

“The associations of Beauty are only those of virtue and life; whilst its converse, Falsehood, finds companionship solely with sin and death. Its mission is to soften the heart of man. By it the savage is prompted to his first step towards refinement. Among civilized races, it requires but to be exhibited by Art, in the full strength of its moral loveliness, to purify the intellect from the dross of worldly aspiration, and to stimulate its faculties to the full expansion of their powers. Without the perfect union of Art with moral, as well as physical Beauty, there is danger of its becoming the mere instrument of mental dissipation among the cultivated classes, and of sensual excitement among the vulgar; so that we must not consider Art as genuine in character, or as true to its mission, except in proportion as it embodies *all* the truth it is capable of expressing.” — pp. 67, 68.

Such lessons are needed, and we are strongly inclined to believe that the people are quite ready for them. And though it may be true, that among the many who are supposed to be awake, watching and waiting for new revelations in the world of Art, so long foretold and so passionately hoped for, as the signs are multiplied about their way, and the openings grow larger, the skies brighter, and the glimpses clearer, are thousands of unbelievers, here because they know too much, and there because they know too little; yet are there always a lofty few that stand like Saul among the princes of Israel, head and shoulders above their fellows, overtopping and outshining them all, who must continue to believe and hope, through all the discouragements of their day, that every form of regenerated Art will become the handmaid of Virtue, and the servant of God, — answering to the higher instincts and better wants of our nature. If these have no fire shut up in their bones, they have something better for all the common

purposes of life, — earnestness and warmth, heartiness and trust, which cannot be misunderstood nor counterfeited. Watch the faces of the multitude in the presence of a great picture, and you will be satisfied. Their lighted eyes and agitated mouths will sometimes betray the inward stirring, and woe to them and theirs if they have to smother it, or to deny their master. We are not all earth ; and our higher nature will make itself understood, sooner or later. Even the feeblest have their paroxysms of strength, while the blindest see visions, and the lowliest among us may take upon themselves another shape, if their long-hidden, original brightness be troubled or profaned, and when we are least looking for it leap, transfigured, to their feet.

Are we not, as a people, beginning to busy ourselves with many a deep question which our fathers dared not look in the face ? And are there not many among us, who desire to know the truth, and the whole truth, cost what it may, if the questioning be not unlawful, — many who are constantly asking, Are we alone, of all God's shining ones, to fall asleep in our courses, and stop for ever on our appointed way upward ? And what is more encouraging, we are not so easily satisfied, or silenced, or put off, as our fathers sometimes were, with answers from the spelling-book. We are determined, in short, to see for ourselves, to understand for ourselves, to judge for ourselves, to meddle with what questions we please, and if we are led astray, being honest in our purpose, to abide unflinchingly by the consequences, — “to stand the hazard of the die,” — though a brave, yet a fearful spirit, if it wander long untroubled or unrebuked, but less fearful, perhaps, than a sluggish or self-satisfied, unquestioning submissiveness.

As a people, and in our larger cities and more thrifty villages, we are no longer to be put off with tolerable music, nor with tolerable poetry, nor with anything else indeed which is barely tolerable ; we sometimes prefer the intolerable, or the impossible, just for the sake of having our own way, and showing that we have outgrown the prejudices of our youth and the teachings of our grandmothers. Nor should this be much wondered at ; for, as a people, we are fast approaching that period in the progress of refinement, at which the wonder-

ful is preferred to the beautiful and the just, and no truth is much cared for unless it astonishes. Everywhere the same spirit is to be found. Alike in our churches and our theatres, in our senate-chambers and our courts of justice, in our concert-rooms and at our platform-gatherings, we are constantly reminded of Dr. Johnson's reply to the foolish mother, who had just been setting off her daughter upon a rattling piece of music, and wanted his opinion of the performance, it being so very difficult, — "Yes, madam," said the Doctor, "very difficult indeed, — would it were impossible!"

But with a growing desire to uplift ourselves, though we may often overdo the business, and, after dropping into a lower atmosphere, have to begin anew, we need a little honest help now and then, else we lose our foothold on a new path, or grow dizzy and stumble upon the dark mountains of unbelief, dreary and hopeless. Once committed upon any subject, whether momentous or trifling, we are very slow to see, and still slower to acknowledge, our blunders.

Abroad, according to our author, — whose large experience and great conscientiousness entitle him to be heard with favor, —

"Science is degraded into a system of ways and means to best perpetuate and vary the pleasures of sense. Life is valued solely for what it offers for the enjoyment of the material nature of man. The spirit shrinks from this perversion of the true purposes of its fleshly habitation, and either dies away to an occasionally 'still, small voice,' or, leaving man altogether, he becomes a believer solely in what he hears, sees, and feels with his external sense. There is no inner life left in him. A practical atheist, he denies what he cannot weigh, measure, or analyze." — p. 16.

With such "practical atheists," there is no dealing to advantage. God must have no secrets hidden from them. Without claiming to be gods, they insist on comprehending God; and there is no manifestation of character among them so universal and so distinguishing, perhaps, as a habit of propounding unanswerable questions, — questions, that is, which they know, and will if hardly pressed acknowledge, to be unanswerable, — questions, in short, which none but God can answer. Of course, therefore, if their belief is to depend upon

having such questions first answered, and such mysteries cleared up, there is an end of the controversy. They never can believe.

"But," continues our author, "the sense of beauty he cannot indeed wholly extinguish; but it is confined to external form and color, and degraded to the low situation of a pander. All nature is resolved into sense. If God there be, he is a distant and uncertain being, all-powerful doubtless, and surely all capricious. Study will not find him out. Why vex our minds with what we cannot comprehend! Sufficient for us that we eat and sleep! We can understand Nature, because we *see* her. Beyond this it is all dark; cease to trouble us with theories that cannot be demonstrated in matter. Such is the language common to a large proportion of the educated classes in Europe. They have shrunk from avowing themselves atheists heretofore, from fear of loss of position, or some of the earthly joys for which they sacrifice their souls. Their numbers now embolden them to openly avow their sentiments. I do not hesitate to assert that the general tone of European refined society is open or concealed atheism, while the mass of the population are steeped in superstition scarcely less fatal to their true dignity as beings capable of becoming even as the angels in heaven."— pp. 16, 17.

There is much truth in what follows,— perhaps too much; though it must be understood with certain qualifications, such as every honest believer will make for himself.

"The abettor of this moral ruin is the Church as now constituted. Between Protestantism and Romanism there is indeed the wide gulf of individual freedom of thought. Consequently, the hope of man and his ultimate progress to the completion of his personality lies exclusively with the former. But the preachers of both have become blind leaders of the blind. The former limit their vision to irreconcilable dogmas and creeds, and the latter to ceremonies from which the essence has long since fled. Both are more anxious to preserve their own than God's kingdom. Both trammel thought, though in different ways. Both not only fail in satisfying the entire man, but shock his reason and cramp his soul. Protestantism is not exclusively under the control of priestcraft. Romanism is. Which is better for man as a whole, their respective boundaries show. The difference between the two is the actual distinction between England and Spain, Italy and the United States. Still, it is obvious to every close observer, that the tendency of both Romanism and Protestantism, among the cultivated classes, is now toward scepticism."— pp. 17, 18.

This, if true, were indeed appalling. But is it true? Are we to understand our author to mean, that the tendency of the cultivated classes is more strongly toward scepticism than it has been in any previous age? If so, we are ready to take issue with him. That there is such a tendency, always and everywhere, we admit; but we are disposed to deny that it has been growing stronger since the days of Charles II. and Rochester and Bolingbroke, Bayle and Hobbes, Descartes and Volney, Voltaire, Frederic of Prussia, and Thomas Paine, to say nothing of the French Revolution, and the horrible atrocities that followed the national renunciation of God, and nothing of the Encyclopedists.

But to the main object of the book, — that which concerns Art, and especially Painting.

“The law of Taste is harmony. It creates refinement, and places society at repose with itself. The individual or nation deficient in taste may be sincere, vigorous, and powerful; but neither can be in complete harmony with themselves and the surrounding world until they have submitted to its softening influences. Consistent with virtue, it adds grace to religion. To man it is what Beauty is to Nature, — its smile.” — p. 84.

Of the four hundred pages going to make up the volume, three fourths perhaps abound in vigorous and thoughtful criticisms upon the old masters and a few of the modern, — such criticisms too as no mere connoisseur or amateur could have written. They are evidently the result of long and careful study and practice, and are oftentimes elaborated with so much significance and truth, as to show that none but a painter full of enthusiasm and ripe experience could have suggested them; and though we cannot agree with some of the opinions about Correggio, Domenichino, Claude, Salvator Rosa, Murillo, Turner, and others, yet in the main we coincide with the author, and are led, not only to hope, but to believe, that such a book at this very time is wanted, and will be sought for, studied, and highly prized by the cultivated classes of our land, whatever may be their tendencies toward unbelief, and after a time by the people themselves.

The very best portion of the book, however, and the newest by far, has to do with landscape, — a department of painting

which seems to have sprung into fresh life within a few years, — like “Minerva from the head of Jove,” — all “armed in golden panoply complete”; and everywhere, while reading these pages, one is constantly expecting some great landscape painter to appear. Nor will he be disappointed, if he can satisfy himself with suggestions and glimpses. For example: —

“The Carracci led the way to a genuine love of landscape. Earnest, industrious, and universal in their studies, they sought to free this portion of Nature from its merely subordinate position in Art, and to elevate it to a distinct branch. Previous to this, it had been used simply as an accessory. Symbolism had given it a pure and sincere ideality, without variety; hinting at its elements rather than expressing them, yet carrying the spectator always into clear skies and pleasant fields, leaving him amidst its sweetest flowers. There was always a congeniality between the celestial and earthly simplicity and beauty, which appealed warmly to the heart. Titian was the first great natural landscapist.” — pp. 258, 259.

Here we have a glimpse of the preparation for raising landscape to a just and equal companionship with the highest poetical, religious, and dramatic achievements in pictorial representation.

“Titian,” he continues, “made sparing use of variety; but his feeling was true, and his expression correct. When we reflect on what he suggested of the great harmonies of the natural world, even in the secondary part he gave to landscape, it is really wonderful that artists did not see its value as an independent source of beauty and instruction. A century passed before this was understood, and then only imperfectly.” — p. 259.

“Correggio, considering his time, took perhaps the greatest step in divesting landscape Art of its previous stiffness and formalism. He attempts the freedom and grace of Nature, particularly in his foregrounds. To Titian, however, landscape is most indebted. Although he never wholly freed himself from the old system, yet his landscapes, as a whole, are simple and broad in character, giving the general features of Nature, though not its variety. That which, however, he rendered in foreground detail is given with perfect fidelity of form and color. Grandeur and majesty were his chief aims. . . . Sometimes, as in his St. Catherine in the Pitti palace, the clouds are hard



and monstrous, rendering his distant hills of blue, in comparison, quite transparent. These effects were, however, before his style in this branch was fully formed. Later, particularly in his trees, he was unrivalled, both in truth of quality and outline. In general, his water is liquid, and his earth dry, telling with solidity against the sky, while his light is subtly and equally diffused throughout his pictures.

"Tintorelli felt landscape, and had a greater grasp of imagination, but with less ability in technical expression, than Titian." — pp. 380, 381.

"Salvator Rosa gives confused representations of the natural world. Much that is false in quality or strained in sentiment he mixes with occasional bits of truth, fresh and vigorous from Nature. He had power and will, but lacked judgment and patience." — p. 382.

"Salvator Rosa seized upon a few features, and in a half-robber, half-artist-like manner vigorously gave vent to his new passion, in a medley of coarseness and refinement, truth and falsity, that alternately perplexes and pleases. To Claude Lorraine was reserved the key of Nature's loveliness, in her great elements of earth, sky, and water. He introduced the complete, healthful landscape, striving to express both particular and general truth." — p. 259.

Beautiful and just as is the general estimate of Claude in this and the following passage, only those can attest its truth who have had an opportunity of studying him at their leisure, and neither through copies nor through such specimens as are most of the renowned pictures of the National Gallery and the Louvre, but in others of much less pretension, cooler and quieter. For the distinguishing characteristics of Claude, after all, are not those which soonest catch the eye, and are most frequently repeated, filling the hearts and the memory of the multitude with the golden glow of a summer atmosphere, or with that everlasting sun in a fog. By far the most wonderful of his pictures are modest, unobtrusive, low-toned, and full of elaborated, unexaggerated truthfulness. In the rendering of space, and in the representation of water that feels damp, and air that you can breathe, he is unequalled. His power is not evinced in the huddling together of huge, unshapely piles of architecture, such as you find in so many of his larger pictures, where he introduces the Villa de' Medici, for example, into the port of Ostia; or the columns and temples of the Forum, into all sorts of pictures. These are

the painter's idiosyncrasies, which may be successfully counterfeited, or caricatured, and are always remembered; they are not his characteristics, which are inimitable and untranslatable.

"In Claude we see more truthful results from inferior natural abilities. He had no invention or taste in composition. Consequently his landscapes in general are unpleasantly artificial, indeed, I may say, little in thought.\* But in his direct studies from Nature, — at all events in one, the 'Roman Campagna before Sunrise,' in a private collection, comparatively untouched, — there are more breadth, space, and atmosphere, than I have ever seen in any other painting of his.† An uninjured Claude is a rare object. Almost every one of his pictures has been more or less skinned, to use an expressive term, by the carelessness of cleaners.‡

"A sea-view of Claude's, in the Academy of St. Luke at Rome, and in the Dulwich Gallery, near London, a small picture, called, I believe, the 'Enchanted Castle,' and two others in the collections of Mr. Rogers and Mr. Baring, most favorably present his rare merits. In depth and unity of color, subtle gradation of light and shade, sparkling liquidity of water, solidity of stone, and opacity of earth and transparency of atmosphere, they are unrivalled." — pp. 382, 383.

Here perhaps we have another glimpse of the truth.

"During the summer of 1854 I was in Venice refreshing my mind amid its artistic treasures. Being one day in the church of Santa Maria della Salute, or rather in the sacristy, I noticed enter a young American, whose appearance denoted a cultivated mind. His observant eye ranged at once over the pictures, selecting instinctively those of most merit, and sparing neither time nor painful observation to

---

\* How artificial? If he had no invention or taste, he must have copied what he saw, and with great faithfulness, which must of course have resulted in a natural, and not an artificial picture, however unpleasing.

† It may be mentioned here, that this fine picture is now in the Athenæum Gallery of Boston, where it is to remain awhile, we understand, before it goes abroad.

‡ In the picture referred to in the preceding note, there are to be found only two passages of a questionable character: one, a light sweep, along the left base of the mountains, not easily distinguished; and the other, a brownish tint in the middle distance, among the houses, of two or three inches in length, perhaps, by a quarter of an inch in breadth, according to our present recollection; harmonizing well enough, to be sure, though not like the touches of Claude himself, and clearly of a much later period. A picture of this great master which has not been seriously tampered with, nor mended, nor spoiled by varnishing, nor skinned, were well worth our most patient study.

make himself master of their spirit and treatment. Churches are everywhere proverbially unfavorable to the proper exhibition of paintings. In this instance the best are placed at a most awkward height, considering the narrowness of the room, for the range of the eye, while Titian's occupy the ceiling some forty feet above the head, and can be *seen* only by lying flat on one's back on the stone floor, and gazing upward. In this position, forgetful of all else, did the young American place himself, for the more full gratification, or I should say appreciation, of the masters, whose works he had come to study. His deportment and criticism showed a determination to test the respective merits of the artists, regardless of personal discomfort, and to the full extent of his knowledge and circumstances." — pp. 2, 3.

How could the following suggestions have been made by any but a landscape painter? What connoisseur — what amateur — ever talked in this way, or ever felt what is here said of effects?

"The chief quality of water is liquidity; of earth, in distinction, dryness; of stone, hardness; and of air, transparency. That which unites qualities into one harmonious mass of color, each tint, light or shadow, subdued to its proper gradation, or unison in respect to the effect as a whole, is called 'tone.' These two are the key-notes of painters. Without a proper comprehension of both, their labors are as unknown tongues.

"In sky, the first effect that we should seek is *space*. Unfortunately it is that which is least often given. Tricks of *chiaro-oscuro* will bring objects *out* of a canvas, but that art which takes the eye *in*, and obliges us to feel the quality of an atmosphere, warm, transparent, alive, infinite, the tremulous movement of the vapory air, or the clearness of the cloudless sky, into the abyss of which the sight may gaze until the eyeballs ache to bursting and not find a spot on which to rest, has never been more than suggested by a few artists. Yet it seems to me that the sky is particularly susceptible of successful treatment, from its great dependence upon color. Clouds having no bodily shape are to be drawn in color. If its gradations are managed as Nature manages hers, imitating her subtle transitions and aerial touchings, avoiding loading the canvas with positive or opaque colors, alternating and scumbling, not by scores of times, but by hundreds, and more with the fingers than the brush, something approaching Heaven's handiwork may be given. It is not my object, however, to treat of Art technically. Each artist has his favorite methods, the result of his experience. Therefore, what may appear to me as worthy of experiment may, after

all, be but the approved practice of hundreds. Still, in cloud effects, aerial perspective, and, in fact, in earth and water generally, where breadth and depth are to be given, I think that the careful study of the principles by which Nature produces her qualities of light, will lead to a new era of landscape Art.

"Hitherto, with a few partial exceptions to be afterwards mentioned, we have had for sky, flat, hard surfaces of opaque color, coming *forward* of anything else in the picture, and often firmer than the rock beneath. Indeed, we feel that we should get such paintings nearer right by inverting them. Then the earth would have something *firm* to rest upon, unless the artist has unfortunately attempted water, and libelled that into a black and glutinous mass, like the seas of Backhuysen. We can walk dry-shod over almost all the water ever painted, and as for skies, they would echo the strokes of a hammer. I appeal to the galleries of Europe for the truth of this assertion." — pp. 120 – 122.

Supposing all these to be what we have taken the liberty to suppose, the suggestions of a living landscape-painter, then we are justified, not only in hoping for, but in expecting, a new era. But if, on the contrary, they are but the notions of Mr. Jarves himself, who says, "For my own part, I have preferred to trust more to my own feeling than to reading, investigating Art itself in place of studying erudite treatises; in fact, I have read but little on the subject; my time for several years has been mainly occupied in seeking to comprehend Art-language, and to test the correctness of intuitive feeling by the sculptured and pictorial truths of its masters";—then have we little to hope; and that which has been will continue. But we believe better things. And we find our justification in two or three valuable foot-notes by Mr. Jarves, where he speaks of Mr. Page, of his talents, and of certain discoveries lately made by him, of great importance in the world of Art; one being a scale whereby the gradations of a picture may be instantly measured and gauged; and the other a law of proportion, whereby the human figure may be divided into three equal parts with unerring precision, by any tolerable draughtsman, so that an error may be instantly detected. And then we have the following, the truth of which there are many good judges ready to attest.

"America has the promise of a distinguished artist in Mr. Tiltan,

now in Rome.\* Among the few landscapes that he has painted, there are some that are natural poems, vital with thought. He has yet fully to express himself. But in the qualities of the landscape, the making *felt* the difference between earth, atmosphere, and water, his works in these particulars are unrivalled. The eye brings not up upon opaque paint, but passes into space ; quivering, moist air, peopled with cloud-forms, varied and delicate in shape and color, like the harmonies of Nature itself. So surprising are his atmospherical effects, that, upon inverting his pictures, the spectators have complained of being made dizzy by the apparent aerial motion.† Mr. Page, another American at Rome, in color, expression, and feeling has the attributes of a great artist. No painter of modern times, in color and scientific knowledge, particularly in his portraits, so nearly approaches Titian.”—pp. 392, 393.

But our notice of this very valuable work must be brought to a close, though we would willingly give other extracts, and call the attention of our readers to other elevating opinions, if the reasonable limits of a review would allow us to do so. We will conclude, therefore, with another reference to Titian, which may be ranked among the finest and truest passages in the book ; and we are the more ready to do this, from the fact that we have now on exhibition here, side by side with the Claude above referred to, a cabinet Danaë by Titian, lately discovered, which is beginning to be acknowledged for a masterpiece by some of the best judges, and, among others, by Page himself, certainly qualified, if ever man was by long years of study and great original genius, employed in copying Titian's pictures, to speak advisedly in the matter.

“The ‘Venus’ of the Tribune at Florence is his most wonderful exhibition of artistic skill in color. Those who are not technically acquainted with the difficulties to be overcome in the management of this subject will fail to appreciate its success. Titian did not paint this picture to show a nude figure, but to exhibit his power over light and color in their most difficult combinations, without the aid of the usual effects of shadow, and other art-subtleties, by which an inferior artist

---

\* Lately here on a visit, bringing with him the Titian and the Claude now in our Boston Athenæum Gallery.

† This will never be thought possible but by those who have stretched themselves out upon their backs, or looked, while stooping, at a wide landscape and floating sky, or at any sky, as we see it reflected in clear, untroubled water, as when looking down from a bridge.

would have sought to cover his weak points. As a work of Art, it is far superior to the renowned 'Venus de' Medici,' which stands beneath. He has given the delicate roseatic tints of flesh their most lovely expression, in contrast with the white of linen, and in the full glare of daylight; treating the whole simply, yet embodying truths of Art in a manner so faithful to Nature, that no artist has yet been found to rival him. Examine the outlines of his flesh! There is no sharpness in them. They disappear gradually in atmosphere, in soft and distinct form, half displaying and half suggesting the natural curvatures. As in looking upon the best Greek statues, we feel that the anatomy is perfect, but do not think of it. His flesh is warm and springy. So subtly are his tints managed, that the entire unity of glowing life reposes in the figure. Generous blood lies underneath that soft skin. Look also at the transparent shadows: they darken, but conceal nothing; you know they are trembling shadows, not opaque paint, as with common artists. With what consummate art has Titian husbanded his power of light in this picture! It illuminates itself; and yet there is nothing in it higher than half-light. Every tint is subdued and cool, but the whole picture is transparent and harmonious. . . . . Where he cannot rival Nature, he suggests her in so skilful a manner that we forget her scale in his Art. There is labor incalculable in this picture, but no evidences of it are obtruded upon the sight. Indeed, so natural is the whole, that its merit is often forgotten in the apparent freedom of execution." — pp. 371, 372.

Much of all this would apply with equal truth to the Danaë, now here. She is lying at full length, upon a low, sumptuous couch, partly supported upon her right elbow resting on a rich velvet cushion, heavy with golden fringe and *cotton tassels*, the beautiful hand falling with that expression of languid warmth, and sleepy, indolent helplessness, which the patriarch of painters delighted in representing even to the last, and which must have been copied from the living flesh and blood of a hand that he loved, or rather transferred; for though he sometimes modelled or *moulded* such a hand, as if he were toying with that of a beloved daughter, he never *copied* what he saw as if he only saw it, but rather as if he felt it; and, like Giorgione, and others of the great Venetian school, he would not stoop to drawing, where it was possible to represent by manipulation.

Everywhere, throughout the whole picture, we have the

burning impress of power, and still nothing unchaste or unholy, nothing voluptuous or sensual, but rather a sort of doating tenderness or affectionateness, with a reverential regard for the sanctities of youthful womanhood; as if the instincts of untroubled innocence were in his thought, and every pulse, and every throb, at the age of nearly threescore and ten, were registered with awe. The sky, the golden fretwork, and heavy tumbled fringe, *the half-light, everywhere to be found*, even where the half-transparent drapery would be mistaken for white by the eye of a common artist; the sharp touches and sparkling brightness here and there, as in the wet roses and rich embroidery; the flesh tints of the two other figures, a Love with uplifted hands and lighted eyes, and a female attendant holding up a dish for the molten jewelry and heaps of gold, as they drop slowly, on their lingering way to earth, overflowing the couch and sinking into the drapery; the whole arrangement and composition, together with the careless and costly, though tender and compassionate, trifling; the very defects, indeed, — the unfinished feet and false drawing, — are all so thoroughly characteristic of Titian, and of nobody else, when taken together, that no one well acquainted with his labors, professionally or otherwise, would ever think of questioning this picture *now*, in its present beautiful condition, so far superior to that of the Flora, as Page himself declares, with the dust of ages wiped off, and the brightness of the original image restored.

But we must leave our author and his work, trusting that such fine, free, spirited handling of these great subjects, painting and architecture, may be properly understood by our people. Next after Ruskin, whose influence upon almost everything that has appeared on kindred subjects, ever since the publication of his "Lamps of Architecture," "Stones of Venice," and "Lectures," may be traced, not only in the writings, but in the buildings and paintings, of the day, we are disposed to rank Mr. James Jackson Jarves, author of these "Art-Hints."